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## THE EDITOR.

THE development of painting and sculpture in America finds the same difficulties everywhere. The trouble is not local—it is general. Wherever artists meet the subject is discussed, and when lovers of art get together this very material ghost is ever present.

Power resides in ultimates, and a material basis must be established before any structure can be erected. This is self-evident. The United States cries for better art, more important and characteristic art, more vital and national art, and what does she do? She patronizes foreigners with her wealth, while she poses and with sweet patriotic speech exclaims: "America for the Americans."

"Give us American subjects," she exclaims, and at the same time she decorates her walls with second-rate Venetian water colors and white-capped Brittany peasants, with sloppy copies of the old masters that she doesn't understand, with fancy portraits and the froth from the boiling pot of artists abroad. This is her patriotism in art.

Our flags are flying and our victorious fleets are sailing the seas, our regiments are assembling and our loyalty to our country is genuine; our humanity embraces the world.

Our art and our artists have been fighting a civil war against barbarism and ugliness, and the one thing so active and beautiful in the present war—patriotism—is not extended to them. The artist works and starves, ugliness reigns supreme, and our glorious United States of America withholds the helping hand.

Why is this? Who is at fault? And where is the remedy?

Art knows no nationality, and this is true. All great art is distinctly national, and this cannot be denied. Art to be national must express the life and the sentiment of that nation, and it *must* be assisted, fostered and patronized. The nation is at fault in withholding this sympathy and patronage. Good art must include the elements that will not only feed and gratify the intellect—the head—but must also touch, inspire and warm the affections—the heart. And here is where the artist has failed. This is the age of science and technic, and our art has been so bound by it that much of our artistic production is cold and scientific. Our desire for accurate technic has rendered us one-sided, and we fail to touch the throbbing heart of the masses by our problems of impressionism, our accurate studies of plein-air effects, our symphonies of color, and our utter lack of subject. We can hardly hold the public culpable in their

neglect of sympathy and patronage when we starve them with our scientific art. The art of the masters had a soul as well as a body, and we must instill our artistic corpse of art with the living breath of human emotion if we expect to produce a vital, touching art.

Coöperation between public and artist must be established. There is good art in America. Much of it is thoroughly American, and is worthy of support. Patronage cannot be withheld without loss. Neglect and thoughtlessness should cease, and a genuine patriotic stimulation by judicious patronage should be awakened. Art lives through artists, and artists live by the same material needs as others. Patronize art and it will flourish, withhold the material ultimate and it will stagnate. The artist asks to be allowed to produce, to fulfill his usefulness to his fellowman. It is a great, a splendid use, and America, great in material prosperity, can easily, if she will, make an exchange for her everlasting profit and glory.



DENVER ART CLUB EXHIBITION.